

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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Man Sent from God

Biography of Dr. John R. Rice

By Evangelist Robert L. Sumner

Chapter 4

Shaping the Vessel

"Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels."—Jeremiah 18:3.

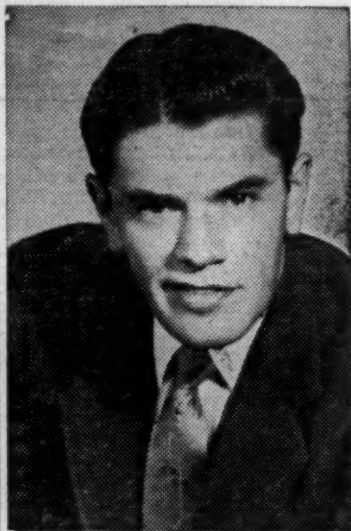
"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work."—II Timothy 2:19-21.

In the wild, woolly, West Texas prairie days of John Rice's boyhood, the amount of education received depended almost entirely upon the initiative of the youth. The school at Dundee had only three teachers and the students never graduated from high school. They simply took whatever courses were available and eventually dropped out. After taking all the subjects the school offered, Rice decided to study for a teacher's examination. With what little help he could get from various textbooks, he first studied and then took the county teacher's examination for a second-grade certificate. Eventually he took and passed the examination for a first-grade teacher's certificate.

It was when he went to Archer City, Texas, to take one of these county teacher's examinations that an incident happened which gives an insight into the character of the man who was his father and who helped develop the same type of character in him. Some time previously a very distinguished professional man, Judge Walker, had moved with his family from Dundee to Archer City. To the amazement of the Rice lad, the judge looked him up in that strange town where he did not know anyone and insisted he be guest at their lovely home during

his stay in the city. The Walker family showed him every kindness. They gave him the best room in the house, served him delightful meals, would not let him spend any of his own money, went out of their way to please him and treat him like a king, and made his every wish their command. He

(Continued on page 3)



Evangelist Robert L. Sumner

A New Year's Benediction

God completes what He begins

By Charles Hadden Spurgeon, 1834-1892

Long pastor Metropolitan Tabernacle
London, England

"But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."—I Pet. 5:10.

I have taken this text as a new year's blessing. In discoursing upon it, I shall have to remark: first, what the apostle asks of Heaven; and then, secondly, why he expects to receive it. The reason of his expecting to be answered is contained in the title by which he addresses the Lord his God—"The God OF ALL GRACE, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus..."

I. What Peter Asks For All to Whom This Epistle Was Written

He asks for them four sparkling jewels set in a black foil. The four jewels are these: Perfection, Establishment, Strengthening, Settling. The jet-black setting is this: "After that ye have suffered a while." Worldly compliments are of little worth; for as Chesterfield observes, "They cost nothing but ink and paper."

I must confess, I think even that little expense is often thrown away. Worldly compliments generally omit all idea of sorrow. "A merry Christmas! A happy New Year." There is no supposition of anything like suffering. But Christian benedictions look at the truth of matters. We must not discard the sufferings. We must take them from the same hand from which we receive the mercy; and the blessing bears date "after that ye have suffered a while."

1. Perfection

The first sparkling jewel in this ring is perfection. The apostle

prays that God would make us perfect. Indeed, though this be a large prayer, and the jewel is a diamond of the first water, and of the finest size, yet it is absolutely necessary to be a Christian that he should ultimately arrive at perfection.

Have ye never on your bed dreamed a dream, when stretching all your wings, your soul floated through the Infinite, grouping strange and marvellous things together, so that the dream rolled on in something like supernatural splendor? But all of you were awakened, and you have regretted hours afterwards that the dream was never concluded.

And what is a Christian, if he does not arrive at perfection, but an unfinished dream? A majestic dream it is true, full of things that earth had never known if it had not been that they were revealed to flesh and blood by the Spirit. But suppose the voice of sin should startle us ere that dream be concluded, and if, as when one awaketh, we should despise the image which began to be formed in our minds, what were we then? Everlasting regrets, a multiplication of eternal torment must be the result of our having begun to be Christians, if we do not arrive at perfection.

If there could be such a thing as a man in whom sanctification began, but in whom God the Spirit ceased to work, if there could be a being so unhappy as to be called by grace and to be deserted before he was perfected, there would not be among the damned in Hell a more unhappy wretch. But such a thing shall never be. Whom once He hath chosen, He doth not

reject. We know that where He hath done a good work, He will carry it on, and He will complete it until the day of Christ.

God Perfects That Which He Begins

Grand is the prayer, then, when the apostle asks that we may be perfected. What were a Christian if he were not perfected? Have you never seen a canvas upon which the hand of the painter has sketched with daring pencil some marvellous scene of grandeur? You see where the living color has been laid on with an almost superhuman skill. But the artist was suddenly struck dead, and the hand that worked miracles of art was palsied. Is it not a source of regret to the world that ever the painting was commenced, since it was never finished? Do you think that the hand of divine wisdom will sketch the Christian and not fill up the details?

Shall God fail? Shall He leave His works imperfect? Point, if you can, my hearers, to a world which

(Continued on page 5)



Charles H. Spurgeon

Do It Again

By Rev. Jack Hyles, Pastor
First Baptist Church, Hammond, Indiana
(Sermon preached January 24, 1959. Mechanically recorded.)

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."—Eccles. 11:1-4.

With special emphasis on verse 4, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

A southern colored man had heard of a revival meeting where John Wesley had preached years before in Augusta, Georgia, when he came on a visit from England. This revival, if I am not mistaken, was in the First Baptist Church of Augusta, Georgia, and was conducted by John Wesley, the great founder of the Methodist movement.

(By the way, when the Methodist movement was founded, it was one of the firebrands of American history. You talk about religious fanatics; you talk about religious screwballs; you talk about people

sold out to the Gospel! Read the history of the Methodist movement under the auspices or founding of John Wesley.)

John Wesley came over to America. This colored man in southeast Texas heard about it. He wanted to visit the place where John Wesley had preached in Augusta, Georgia. So he hitchhiked across country. With what means of transportation that was available, he made the trip. He was hungry for fellowship with God. So he made the journey. When he got to the church, he talked with the custodian and was allowed admission to the main auditorium. He walked inside and looked around. It seemed as if



Rev. Jack Hyles

every echo echoed a memory of John Wesley. It seemed that every chandelier, each pew, every piece

(Continued on page 6)

Editor's Notes

I am in New York State. Pastor Wayne Morrison met me at La Guardia Airport Monday afternoon. We crossed from Long Island over into the Bronx, along the Harlem River and on north. I am preaching fifty-five miles north of New York City, east of the Hudson River, near the Connecticut line. We passed near the big Reader's Digest plant.

The Second Kent Baptist Church is so-called because it was the second Baptist church organized in the township. The present church building was built in 1844. My room in the parsonage has broad oak plank flooring, nailed down with old-fashioned square nails, a nice, very old, two-story home. Beside the house runs Ludingtonville Road, and a metal historical marker says:

"Down this road Colonel Ludington led his troops April 27, 1777, to repel British raiders attacking Danbury, Connecticut."

In the churchyard is an old cemetery. Among the old graves is that of "Prince Cornwall," a slave of George Washington, whom he gave to Colonel Ludington for his work in the Revolutionary War.

Once this area was full of spiritual blessing. Five or six miles away lived Fanny Crosby, famous hymn writer. Some twenty miles away is Poughkeepsie where John Vasser, famous soul winner, lived, and he preached and won souls all through this area.

This is a beautiful, rocky, wooded area, filled with homes of people who work in nearby cities and with summer homes of New Yorkers. I see no farms. The rocky hills are covered with brush and forest and sprinkled with homes. Deer live all about. We saw one beside the road as we went to church the other night.

But the country is largely desolate spiritually. We passed through town after town, village after village, coming from New York in which I was told, "There is no sound gospel business here," or "Only a Pentecostal assembly here; nobody else preaching the Gospel," or "There is a Baptist church, with no preacher." But the Second Kent Baptist Church is prospering. In two years, starting from a budget of \$3,500 and a part-time pastor, it has grown to vigorous full time, has built a

(Continued on page 8)



A Column for Wives and Mothers
By Jessie Rice Sandberg

Beginning Again

Aren't you glad for new beginnings? I don't suppose there is a night when I don't go to bed wishing I had done something differently or wishing I could live over some minute or take back something I have said too hastily. My children sometimes say, after a particularly mischievous or fretful day, "Mommy, I'm sorry I was bad today. Tomorrow I'll try real hard to be good."

What if there were never any forgiveness for the failures of this minute, this hour, this day; no forgetting the disappointments and frustrations of yesterday or last week or last year? How wonderful that God gives us lots of opportunities for fresh, new beginnings. There is always a new morning, a new week, a new year. One can always hope, and better yet, pray that "tomorrow will be different." Just think how discouraging it would be if life were a timeless sort of existence without any starting places for beginning again.

We all need to run our lives like a good housekeeper does. She tries to keep up with the dishes and dusting and washing and ironing every week, but once or twice a year she goes over the whole house from top to bottom and sees that everything is fresh and clean. The curtains have to be washed and starched, walls and wood-work washed, shelves cleaned, rugs shampooed, windows washed and furniture polished. Our hearts need the same kind of attention. There is always some daily cleansing required, but once in a while it is good to ask the Lord to go over us real good to see if there is some sin lurking in a far corner that we've been missing in our "heart housekeeping."

In spite of all the jokes made about New Year's resolutions I always make them—every single year. Naturally some of them are broken eventually—some very soon, but would anyone dare to say he was better off for having never made any holy resolves, any prayerful attempts to do better? Little children do not learn to read or tie their shoes or dress themselves without practice and "starting over." And so is it true that regular habits of Bible study and prayer often have to be "set" again after periods of carelessness and backsliding. I frequently have

to ask the Lord to give me grace to guard my tongue. And repeatedly I need to "begin again" to be the careful, patient mother I ought to be and want to be. It isn't quite enough to have made that decision once. With every failure (and how many there are!) there has to be, in a sense, a starting over.

And then there are always resolves I need to make about trying to win certain, definite people to the Lord—the milkman perhaps or the paper boy, a lost neighbor, or maybe even a member of my own family. So often we hope, or pray in a detached sort of way that these will be saved, but in most cases we won't do anything positive about leading them to the Lord unless we first make prayerful resolves to work at winning them.

The Bible is full of instances where men of God have made resolutions. Joshua said to the people of Israel, "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord" (Joshua 24:15). David said, "So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows."

All of us need to make some new covenants with the Lord or renew some old ones. We dedicated our Carol and Jimmy to the Lord when they were tiny babies, and now our little Donnie will be dedicated next Sunday. Sandy and I will pledge to raise our baby for the Lord and win him to Christ early in life. But we find that over and over again we need to remind ourselves and the Lord that our children still belong to Him. When Hannah presented her little boy Samuel to the Lord she vowed, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." Hannah eventually had three sons and two daughters, but since I am a mother too, I feel sure that occasionally in the night she wondered, "Is my little Samuel well? Does he miss me?" I think it is not unscriptural to assume that many times in those years while Samuel was growing up and when Hannah's heart was hungry for that special child, she had to re-

Incidents and Illustrations

By
Evangelist Robert L. Sumner,
Contributing Editor

Modest Apparel

Residents around York, Pennsylvania, should be hanging their heads in shame over the actions of a citizen's committee in that area recently.

It all started when William N. Craley, the principal of the suburban Central Union High School, indicated to some of the 700 girls in the junior-senior high school that he thought skirts with hemlines above the knees were indecent.

Instead of being thankful for a principal with high morals and sound convictions, parents began an uprising that ended in a noisy meeting called when the school board offered to let a citizen's committee resolve the hemline controversy.

At that time, an unidentified parent rose to ask for a show of feeling regarding whether the board and school administration should be thrown out. About 650 of the 700 people present immediately jumped to their feet. Consequently, 96 pupils who had been expelled for staging a sit-down strike in the cafeteria were readmitted to school.

Any community which so overwhelmingly opposes a school board and its appointed administrators for suggesting modesty, needs to re-examine what morality is all about. Young people do not need the encouragement of parents to defy authority in general or to play fast and loose with immodesty in particular. Our school teach-

new the vow she made when first he was given to the Lord.

I don't know what resolves you need to make. Perhaps many of them are, like mine, too personal to mention to anyone but the Lord. Let's pray, shall we, that we'll have the courage to make some resolutions and that we will have the Lord's help in carrying them out.

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness" (Lamentations 3:22, 23).



EVANGELIST DEL FEHSENFELD, 6427 Wyandotte, Kansas City, Missouri, held a revival in the First Baptist Church of Wabash, Indiana, closing November 27. Rev. John H. Smith, pastor, reports 9 decisions for salvation, several decisions for membership and baptism and a number of other decisions among Christian people. He says, "I would like to say that Brother Fehsenfeld is a revivalist, and evangelist, and a church builder."

EVANGELIST LEWIS W. BUTTON, 301 Hazel Avenue, Salisbury, Maryland, recently held a series of meetings in the First Baptist Church of Stockholm, Maine. There were 4 first-time decisions for salvation and a good number of other decisions among Christians.

EVANGELIST CECIL PEACOCK, P. O. Box 206, Bartow, Florida, since last July has been full-time in revival work with his summer and fall completely filled and with many meetings scheduled for 1961. He is a good man, a graduate of Tennessee Temple Schools, thoroughly in sympathy with the stand of *The Sword of the Lord* on the fundamentals of the faith and soul winning. It was a joy to see him again at the Southern Baptist Fellowship at Chattanooga, November 28-30. He is a fervent, spiritual, good man.

ers and public officials need the support of parents in controlling young people; not their opposition through encouragement in defiance.

Half Truths

An illustration of how failure to tell all the story can get one into real difficulty was told by Ted Carpenter of Marquette University. He said that two Roman Catholic nuns were traveling by train to Milwaukee when they decided to go back to the dining car for dinner.

In checking over the menu, they delightfully noted among the entrees, "Old-Fashioned New England Boiled Dinner." Ordering for them both, one wrote on the menu card, "Two Old Fashioneds."

That was exactly what the waiter brought—in two glasses!

Much harm has been done to the cause of Christ because only one side of certain biblical doctrines has been presented. Such lopsided pictures have created untold misunderstandings. This has been especially true with the biblical doctrines of law and grace, faith and works, and other dispensational truths.

Don't teach half a truth.

Scientific Fantasy

Note the title of this item carefully: *it is a violent contradiction of terms.* That which is scientific is not fantasy; that which is fantasy is not scientific. Yet, increasingly, men who call themselves scientists are teaching theories—some of them of the wildest, weirdest speculation—as fact.

The latest pipe dream released for public consumption is that scientists are close to creating life in the laboratory. Out of some "special soup," a chemical entity is someday going to come which will live and reproduce itself. This wild dream promises that man can eventually control his own heredity. Men and women of superior health and intelligence will be designed in advance, it is now believed.

Genes, which control inherited characteristics such as eye color, nose shape, intelligence, limitations, etc., pass from generation to generation with occasional changes. The scientists have now decided that the gene is an acid consisting of four basic nucleotides: adenine, guanine, thymine, and cytosine.

This acid, called DNA, has been made artificially by Dr. Arthur

Kornberg and his associates of Stanford University. Although this test-tube substance has not yet been shown to be biologically active, scientists have bright hopes for the future.

Alton Blakeslee, an Associated Press science writer, summed up his article reporting the theory, saying:

"In time, it is possible that man will learn how to manipulate genes, to get rid of undesirable traits causing widespread human misery, pain and sickness, or to substitute desirable genes."

"Genetic control could be used to create sorely needed geniuses to solve human problems, or to breed easily-contented worker drones enslaved by dictatorship."

The latter clause in Blakeslee's statement sums up how such a discovery, if made, would turn out because of man's basically sinful nature. Any Utopia-on-earth will have to await the coming kingdom of Christ!

They Didn't Need Him, Anyway!

Dixie Bedsaul had a lot of "party spirit" during the fierce pre-election campaign days last October. He hopped aboard a scraggly mule and rode 225 miles—from Galax, Virginia, to Washington, D. C.—urging everyone to vote for the Democratic ticket.

However, Dixie himself did not vote for the Democrats—or for the Republicans either, for that matter. *He forgot to pay his poll tax and couldn't vote for anyone!*

In the Church, just as in politics, there are too many willing to "preach" who are not willing to "practice." The world is not as anxious to hear your message as to watch your life. The old adage, "Do as I say, not as I do," has never carried much weight; contrariwise, it has done untold damage to the cause of Christ at home and abroad.

As James expressed it, "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works" (James 2:17, 18).

Pray for Evangelist Sumner's Meetings:

January 1-15:

Euclid Avenue Baptist Church
1306 Euclid Avenue
Lorain, Ohio

January 17-29:

Brown Street Baptist Church
Alton, Illinois

Shamelessly, We Hear Our Own Broadcast

By the Editor

Sunday morning the pastor rapped on the door but I was already up to listen to the "Voice of Revival" broadcast from Radio Station WPOW, 1330 KC on the dial, at 7:30 a. m. from New York City. On a good radio the program came in strong and clear from this 5,000-watt station on Staten Island, New York. I hope all the friends in New York City and north and east of New York City will listen in to this broadcast Sunday morning at 7:30. It was sweet to hear Bud Lyles' vigorous and exciting announcement, to hear the choir on our theme song, "A Mighty Revival Is Coming This Way" by George Bennard, who also wrote "The Old Rugged Cross," and to hear the other numbers.

Of course, I delighted in hearing daughters Joanna and Jessie (Mrs. Sandberg and Mrs. Billy Carl Rice) sing for the first time my new song, "Jesus Died for Sinners." And then, I must confess, I listened to myself preach the Gospel. How I thrill to the wonderful truth of the virgin birth of Christ, and how strongly the Bible teaches it, and what marvelous salvation there is in such a supernatural Saviour!

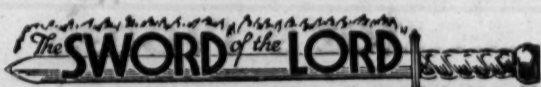
Praise the Lord for the "Voice of Revival" broadcast! Let us pray that we will soon be on a hundred stations, and that soon everybody in America will be within hearing distance of the "Voice of Revival" broadcast on some station. It is a hard, long pull. We must have more financial support. But surely God is stirring hearts of people to help us bear this load.

This is missionary work, un-

selfish, without financial reward, and the service of the choir, the duet, and this speaker are without any financial remuneration. We are giving money as well as time and prayer and tears. Surely you who hear and wish others to hear can help too. Address Voice of Revival, Box 420, Wheaton, Illinois. A receipt will be sent for every gift of \$1.00 or more. And of course, such gifts may be deducted from taxable income.

1961

I am the New Year.
I am a new chapter in your Book of Time.
I offer you new vistas of life.
I offer you new treasures sublime.
I hold for you exquisite pleasure.
I hold for you a perfect peace.
I bring all these to you through Christ Jesus.
I bring through Him the abundant life.
I urge you to acknowledge Him as Savior and Lord.
I urge you to obey His Word, to follow His guidance, to supplicate Him in prayer, to witness for Him daily and be ready to every good work.
I warn you not to squander my time.
I warn you that my days are numbered.
I appeal to you to give me due consideration.
I appeal to you to accept my proffered gifts.



AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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By Aunt Mary

A new year to learn, to enjoy to work, to serve the Lord in! I am always anxious for the New Year to come. By December I am disappointed in myself—there are so many things I have planned to do, and haven't done; friends I had wanted to help, and just hadn't. I have always meant to read my Bible more, and end every year ashamed of my failures.

But suppose you are not like me. Suppose you planned to read the New Testament through, and at the end of December you have just finished Revelation! Fine! Then this year set your goals higher and plan to read the whole Bible through. Do you find it hard to always remember to obey Mother? Then this new year ask God's forgiveness, and Mother's too, and begin again today to try always to obey.

Even great men and women of the Bible sometimes did wrong. They too had to start again.

I think of Peter. He was one of the first disciples of Jesus, and Jesus loved him. You remember he was a fisherman, and when Jesus said to Peter, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men," then he immediately left his fishing nets and followed Jesus. He wanted to serve Him. Peter was the sort who sometimes acted

first and thought later, but he really loved the Lord.

During the last days Jesus was on earth, you remember, He wanted to teach his friends that if you want to be important, you must be willing to be a servant. So Jesus wrapped a towel around Himself and began to wash the disciples' feet, a job of a servant. But when he got to Peter, Peter objected! He said, "You can never wash my feet." When Jesus told him that if He couldn't wash his feet, he didn't have a part with Him, then hasty Peter said, "Jesus, I want you to wash my head and my hands and my feet!" Jesus had to tell him that only his feet were dirty from the dusty road. Peter went all the way, didn't he?

While Peter was with the Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane and the soldiers came to get Jesus to try Him, and then to crucify Him, Peter didn't intend to let the soldiers take Him. Jesus had asked him to "watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation," but Peter was tired, and he had gone to sleep instead. Then when the crisis arrived, Peter thought he was prepared. You remember he whipped out a sword and rushed up to the men who had come to capture Jesus. He gave a mighty

swish of the sword toward the mob, and sure enough, a man; the servant of the high priest, did not duck low enough. Peter's sword sliced his ear right off his head.

Of course Jesus could fix that. He reached down, picked up the bloody ear, and stuck it right back on. (I have always been surprised that this miracle did not change the story.) Jesus told fighting-mad Peter to put up his sword. Don't you suppose Peter was disappointed? He had wanted to help. He hadn't done what Jesus had asked, but he tried his own silly idea. Jesus had warned Peter before the mob came that before the cock crew he would deny the Lord, but Peter had insisted that that could never happen. Now a dejected Peter lagged behind the crowd as Jesus was taken to be tried. He stopped in the courtyard to warm himself at the fire of sinners. Now he was scared! He didn't want to be put in prison. First a girl said, "Aren't you one of Jesus' disciples?" Without thinking, Peter said, "No, I don't know what you are talking about." But another said, "You were with Jesus, I am sure." Again Peter objected, this time with an oath. Finally a young girl said, "I am sure you are; you talk like a Galilean." (This was in Judaea, and their accent was different.) Finally old Peter, who only a few hours before had said he would die with Him before he would deny Him, was cursing and swearing, saying for the first time he didn't even know Jesus.

Then, from somewhere nearby came the sound of a cock crowing. What shame Peter felt! He remembered his rash, bold promise to Jesus, really a brag. Now he had committed such a terrible sin. The Bible tells us that old rough Peter went out and cried bitterly.

After Jesus was crucified, Peter had gone back to his fishing. Jesus was dead, and he himself had sinned. Peter went back to the only thing he knew besides preaching. But when out in the boat he saw Jesus on the shore, and realized it was He, that He was alive again, Peter thought a boat was just too slow. He was in such a hurry to get to Jesus that he jumped into the water and swam to shore.

How earnestly, then, he assured Jesus that he loved Him. Peter was so hurt when Jesus, the third time, asked, "Peter, do you really love Me?" He said, "Lord, you know all things. You know I love you." And Jesus said, "Feed my sheep." Jesus was telling him to take care of those who were just saved, wasn't He?

Jesus spent a good while teaching the disciples before He went back to Heaven. Then He told them to wait at Jerusalem until the power of the Holy Spirit came on them.

It was after the ten days of waiting that the Holy Spirit did come on them, and in that great revival at Pentecost, where three thousand were saved, do you remember who the preacher was? It was old burly Peter! The very man who had cursed and sworn and said he had never known Jesus, was that preacher! God had been gracious and forgiven him and given him a new chance.

Now if you have sinned, as Peter did, count the new year a new start—the kind of new chance Peter had after Jesus' resurrection. Peter sinned, we have sinned, but Jesus loves us still. Let us ask forgiveness and begin again to do what we know is right! The same Holy Spirit who helped Peter is ready to help us. Let us ask Him to!

Whether we need to get rid of a bad habit, lying, disobedience, or carelessness, or whether we need to learn to read the Bible every day, or to love others, let us ask God's help and serve Him better this year!

NOTICE to readers in the greater New York City area: Hear Dr. Rice and the VOICE OF REVIVAL broadcast on radio station WPOW, 1380 KC at 7:30 a.m. each Sunday. This five thousand watt station should reach most of New Jersey and Connecticut as well as the southeastern part of the Empire State.

Man Sent From God

(Continued from page 1)

royally a poor, country lad of only eighteen.

A long time later he learned why the judge almost wept in begging to be allowed to do something for him. In his sermon, "The Seamless Robe," Dr. Rice gives his explanation:

This family had a prodigal son. One day, after he had long been gone from home, my father saw him in a certain Texas city. He was unshaven, filthy, in rags. My father recognized him and called him by name, "Bruce! what are you doing here?"

The shamed young man told a sad story. He drank and gambled until his money was gone. Then he slept in a flophouse. His clothes became dirty. He had no money for a shave or haircut or bath, no money for clean clothes. He was too ashamed to go home as a ragged and disreputable bum.

My father took the young man to a barber shop where he got a haircut and shave and a bath. Then my father took him to a clothing store and bought him a suit, shirt, underwear, hat, and shoes. He outfitted the

God Saw The Broken Rail

It was past midnight. A strange sense of impending evil came over me. I felt that something strange was going to happen! I told my fireman, "Jim," who is a Christian, and we decided we would kneel down right there on the engine, and pray. Then off we went, having committed our train to Him who sees in the darkness as well as in the light! It was almost morning when I saw a man running and waving something frantically. I applied the emergency brake and brought the train to a standstill as quickly as I could. "There's a broken rail just ahead of you!" the man shouted. When I saw it, I said to the man, "Thank God for answered prayer, but what made you come out so early?" He said he awoke early and could not rest until he had started out to examine the railway line. He did not know why, until he discovered the broken rail. He turned out to be a Christian also, so we knelt down on the track and thanked God for deliverance.

—David Fant, Sr., in "Life and Liberty"

prodigal son of his old friend, then took him to the train and bought him a ticket home. Now, months later, I was entertained as the darling guest in that home. My slightest wish was law. They treated me as if I had been the most distinguished guest. Everything in the house was at my disposal. All of it because my dear father had earned it for me by kindness which the family could never, never forget! Because of my father's righteousness I was received and loved in a strange home.

And Will Rice's tender heart beats in the breast of his famous son. Only eternity and the Judgment Seat of Christ will reveal the multifold acts of human kindness and material help given by this humble man of God to those in need and distress. To him, such biblical exhortations as "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (Heb. 13:2), and "Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard" (Prov. 21:13) are a very vital and important part of the Word of God to be followed just as closely and carefully as Malachi 3:10 or John 3:16.

After obtaining his teacher's certificate, Rice taught in a country school fifteen miles from his home. The school was only open four months of the year and his \$55 a month salary gave him a gross income of \$220 for the entire year. Naturally, he was not able to save much money from such a meager revenue.

More and more, however, he felt an increasing burden to continue his schooling and broaden his education. On one occasion he went thirty miles to hear Dr. J. L. Ward, president of Decatur Baptist College, and Dr. George W. Truett of the famous First Baptist Church in Dallas, when they were speaking at the First Baptist Church of Wichita Falls, Texas. Again he was deeply stirred about his need for further education.

Back at home he continued to pray much about the possibility of going to school. He had been reading the little book by Dr. R. A. Torrey, *How to Pray*, and one day in January, 1916, when he was just barely twenty years of age, he went out to his secret "prayer closet" to wrestle the thing out with God. He acknowledged to the Lord that he had come to the end of his own resources. He reminded Him how he had tried to borrow money at the bank, had tried to get loans from two of was amazed that such distinguished people would treat so

(Continued on page 4)



cheesings--er--greetings!

sh-sh-sh-sh they don't know i'm here yet!

my vacation in the cheese factory was wonderful. did you know there are 18 distinct varieties of cheese and marketed throughout the world under 400 or 500 different names; that it is an art rather than a science (eating it is just plain pleasure); preserves much of the food value of milk and is mentioned several times in the Old Testament.

per usual i have been browsing around in the shipping room--rex will have a fit if he finds me here again--he thinks i'm untidy. anyway i found a book that reminds me of the brick cheese i'm nibblin' on. supposedly bricks were once used to weight down the curd in the molds. guess they had to anchor it down some way. now if you want to be really anchored solidly in the Christian faith, or help someone else, you should have the library of pamphlets--59 for \$8 plus postage (5%). pamphlets are regularly 25¢ each.

These pamphlets will help you! They will answer your questions, help you with your problems and be used of God to conform your life into His pattern for service. But that is not all! These booklets should be distributed in large quantities to unsaved friends, to those confused with doctrinal errors, to young Christians who need help and encouragement in living for Christ, and to all those who want to win souls to Him.

tell you what i'll do! since i'm keeping my home-coming as a surprise for them--if you will just mark s.m. on your order, i'll let you have this wonderful library of pamphlets at that low price, and i'll put in one of dr. rice's newest booklets, Father, Mother, Home and Heaven, free!

cordially,

s. mouse
night manager
sword of the lord

Dr. Bob Jones SAYS:



We have recently quoted from so many letters from our Bob Jones University "preacher boys" who are standing faithful to God that I am afraid some people might get the impression that Bob Jones University is just a preachers' school; but the friends who know, know it is not. We believe that life is not divided into the secular and the sacred. All ground is holy ground and every bush a burning bush and every place a temple if a man is in the will of God and has the right heart attitude. We, however, would like to say that we have been greatly thrilled recently as we have had a number of our "preacher boys" from different sections of America at little dinner parties and have discussed with them their training. Thank God most of our Bob Jones University ministerial students are standing true not only in this land but on the foreign mission fields.

I quote now a paragraph from a letter received from a ministerial student who attended one of our small dinner parties in a Mid-

western state: "I always praise the Lord for the opportunity of coming to Bob Jones University and for the training which I received there. Although I am thankful for all the things learned in the classroom, I am most thankful for the practical Christian philosophy of life which I learned in chapel. I trust by the grace of God to continue this philosophy in my life and to seek to win souls to the Lord for His glory."

You friends can help us in the work we are doing. First: You can pray for the institution and for my son, the President, and for his associates. You can pray daily and earnestly. Second: You can help us select the right kind of students and recommend the school to them. Third: You can invest some of God's money in the work here. Won't you let us hear from you? Please do. Thank you, and God bless you.

BOB JONES, FOUNDER
BOB JONES UNIVERSITY
GREENVILLE, S. C.
(Advertisement)

Man Sent From God

(Continued from page 3)

his prosperous friends, had tried to sell his horse, but the depression days of the time prohibited borrowing the money or selling the horse.

Describing that holy experience later, he said:

I remember that on the thirteenth day of January, as a cold mist was falling, I went out by the woodpile, through the pea patch, crawled through the fence and walked over the hill to a place of prayer I had. It was in the brakes in a bare ravine under a chaparral bush. There I went down on my face and prayed. I told God that I would do anything He wanted me to do: I would preach the Gospel, or I would be a gospel singer, or anything else that He should clearly lead. I told Him I would give carefully a tenth of my income besides free-will offerings through the years. Then I told Him that since this burden was on my heart it must be from Him and I must ask Him to give me the means to go through college. I promised Him I would go, and I would look to Him to open the way before me.

Having won the victory in his own soul under that chaparral bush on his knees before God, he went to the house and told his father what he planned to do. He packed his clothes in a little old wooden trunk his mother had left him when she died, gave instructions to his father as to when to ship it, then saddled his sorrel cowpony and started off through the rain toward Decatur Baptist College at Decatur, Texas, approximately 125 miles away.

In his pocket was \$9.35, his total life savings! How the God of miracles opened the door and provided for him is described graphically and pungently in his book, *Prayer—Asking and Receiving*. He wrote:

On the way I talked to the Lord and told Him I would try every way to borrow money on my horse or to sell the horse for the money for the first tuition. I rode twenty-five miles and the next day walked into the Power State Bank at Archer City, Texas. Speaking to the cashier I said, "Mr. Power, I would like to borrow some money on my horse; I am going to college." He did not even look at the horse, but reached for a bank note and said, "Mr. Rice, how much money do you want?"

That stumped me! I hadn't ever gotten that close to getting the money before! But I said, "Well, I would need to get \$60 for the first payment on tuition."

"How long do you want it?" he asked, waiting to fill in the due date.

"I could pay it back in six months, I think, when I am back home in the harvest," I said. So he made out the note for \$60, payable in six months, and I signed it.

A man standing at the window spoke up and said, "Mr. Power, you told me you couldn't let anybody have money for longer than three months in these hard times!"

"But this young man is a friend of mine and did me a special favor once," the cashier said. The favor was that I had once taken ten minutes to show him what I had learned from a book about grafting high-grade peach branches on to old trees for his orchard!

After leaving the bank, he rode on until he came to his brother's farm in Wise County, near Decatur, where he left his horse and went by train the remaining distance. They offered him absolutely no encouragement at the school, explaining that it was the middle of the year and all the student jobs were taken. Not at all daunted, he replied, "I am certain there will be some work for me to do. I will see you again tomorrow."

When he returned the next day the president, Dr. J. L. Ward, told him a little impatiently he

was sorry, that all jobs were taken and he did not know when there would be anything open. Again the farm boy from Dundee cheerfully thanked the astonished prexy and said he would see him the next day. When he went in the following morning, Dr. Ward said, "I have been thinking about you and I feel that Joe Owens ought to leave the college dairy. He is a senior. He waits on tables and that is enough for a senior. Could you milk the college cows?"

Rice replied to the effect that they would be surprised at how good a milker he was! He got the job! Later he was asked to be one of the two waiters who served about eighty people in the college dining room. So well did he do it that they eventually gave him the whole job of waiting tables, letting the other waiter go. Still later he was called into the president's office again and Dr. Ward, who was a great blessing to him during his days at Decatur, said, "We have some fellows here who need some coaching in arithmetic before they can do the other math courses. Do you think you could coach them on arithmetic?" John assured him he had taught arithmetic in the country school the preceding year and would be glad to do it. With all these things added together, he managed to make enough to pay his bills and get by the first year.

However, what few clothes he owned began to get rather ragged. He patched the seat of his trousers more than once and eventually it got where he felt like holding his cap behind him when he walked. One night, turning to his roommate, Riley Whatley, he said, "Unless God makes some way for me to have some new clothes, I don't see how I can stay on in school."

His godly roommate said, "Let's pray about it."

They fell on their knees and earnestly petitioned God in His mercy to let him have some way to buy enough clothes to dress decently. That was on Friday night. Sunday afternoon from the girl's dormitory, where the only phone in the college was in the president's office, there came a message, "Long Distance wants John Rice."

When he answered the phone he discovered the call was from his uncle, George Rice, who lived at Gainesville, Texas. The very first words his uncle said were, "John, how much do you need for a new suit of clothes?"

"What makes you think I need a suit of clothes?" the destitute student questioned.

"Well, I thought a boy would always need clothes going to college," his uncle answered. They talked on for a little bit and the boy with the patched trousers told his generous and godly uncle he thought he could buy a suit of clothes for fifteen dollars, if he wanted to lend him that much.

On Tuesday morning there came a check for twenty dollars. John took down a Sears & Roebuck catalogue and ordered a blue serge suit, a blue cap to match, and other vitally needed accessories. He eventually paid back every penny to his uncle, as well as some money he had borrowed from Dr. Ward to give to the Lord.

When school dismissed in the spring he sold his horse and paid off the loan at the bank in Archer City. Then he worked in the harvest throughout the summer months and made a little money. In the fall he returned to Decatur and worked his way through two more years of college.

It was in that fall of 1916 that he saw his first football game when one Saturday the little Decatur Baptist College played another junior college. The following Monday in a chapel the teacher-coach urged more fellows to try out for a position on the pitifully understaffed team.

The idea of football with its rough and tumble bodily contact appealed strongly to the lad from Dundee. He was used to breaking horses and mules, had spent long hours at hard and rough work, so football did not seem overly tough or dangerous to him. That very Monday afternoon the big raw-boned farmer applied for a suit, assuring the teacher-coach he was willing to do or die for dear old Decatur. When they asked him what place he played on the team, he replied to the effect he did not know what position to apply

for. They asked him where he played the previous year and he told them he hadn't played.

"Where did you play in high school?" was the next question. He assured them that when he went to high school there were not enough men in the whole town to make a good football team and that he had never seen a game before the preceding Saturday! With some astonishment and smiles of tolerant amusement, they suggested he just come out in his overalls for a while to see if he liked the game, explaining there were not many suits and they couldn't furnish one to just anybody. Actually, they thought the sport would be a little too rough for this rookie who had seen only one game in his entire life. What a surprise they were in for!

He went out on the field in his overalls just as he had been instructed and confidently asked, "Where do I play?"

"Over there with the scrubs, of course," he was rather scornfully directed.

"But what do I do?"

When they told him to buck the line, he patiently explained that he didn't know what all those terms meant they were using and asked if they would please explain to him more in detail. Then the acting coach said to him, "Do you see that line-up? That is the first team. The man in the middle is called the center. He has the ball in his hands. When he throws it back between his legs it goes to the quarterback. Do you see that quarterback? Well, when the center snaps the ball, you break through there, knock this man out of the way and ram your head into the quarterback's belly!" He laughed a little as he said it, but the rookie from Dundee got the idea.

They lined up and the ball was snapped. John Rice brushed aside the big guard and, sure enough, he rammed his head into the quarterback's belly. The ball went squirting out of the back's arms but Rice didn't even know he should try to recover the fumble. The quarterback was knocked cold and when he came to he remained groaning on the ground until he could get breath enough to get up again.

Rice thought to himself, "I have certainly ruined it now! They'll kick me off the grounds for playing so rough." Imagine his surprise when Joe Owens, the quarterback, got to his feet and said, "Who hit me?" And when they told him it was John Rice, he came and whacked him on the back saying, "Go to it, old fellow!" The next day they started teaching him the signals for the first team.

He played the next Saturday at guard, just one week after he had seen his first football game. Then they switched him to tackle where he played all that season and the next season as first-string right tackle for the Decatur Baptist Junior College. He played every quarter of every game, was never knocked out and never taken out.

About his football days, he said in his sermon, "Spectators in the Heavenly Grandstand":

I remember in one game when the other team was about to kick, our cheering section cried,

"Block that kick!"

Block that kick!

BLOCK THAT KICK!

If you made that much noise about the Lord, you would be a fanatic or a Holy Roller, or too emotional, but about a game it is all right! They said, "Block That Kick!" and I broke through that line by good fortune, got through the guard and tackle and blocked the kick and fell on the ball six yards behind the line! The ball was ours! That night when I left the boys' dormitory and went across the campus to milk the college cows—you didn't know cows went to college, did you—I wouldn't say I didn't limp more than was absolutely necessary!

I remember how on the second floor balcony of the girl's dormitory the girls gave fifteen "rahs" for me. It matters a whole lot about the grandstand!

When he went to Baylor he was invited to the pre-season football training for two weeks. However, with working his own way and the heavy courses he planned to take,

he found himself saddled with more than he could do, so he begged off. The coach called him some hard names for quitting, but he felt he could not take time for college debating, for voice lessons, for expression lessons, for literary society, do enough work to make a living, and still have time left to play football. The result was that he sacrificed what he considered the least important and left off football.

He graduated from Decatur Baptist College in the spring of 1918 and at the start of the commencement week exercises was drafted into the army and sent to Camp Travis. He served in the United States Army for eight months until the close of World War I. The God who acts wisely and always with the best interest for each of His own in mind, allowed him to have an attack of mumps which put him in the base hospital at Camp Mac Arthur, Texas, and preventing his being shipped overseas with the Seventh Division. By the time he had recovered, the Division was overseas. As a result he was placed on guard duty, then assigned to the Dental Corps where he was when the Armistice was signed. In January, 1919, he was discharged.

Immediately he enrolled at Baylor University, a Southern Baptist school located at Waco, Texas. Since he entered at the start of the second of three quarters, by making up some extra credits, and with some military credit, he was able to graduate from Baylor with his A. B. degree in 1920, after only a year and a half in Waco.

He did not understand at the time, of course, but the subjects he selected for study were ideal in preparing this vessel for the right ministry his heavenly Father had planned for him. He entered literary society work. He became active in inter-collegiate debates and with his partner debated and won against Hardin Simmons University. Later he was also in the famous Connelly debate between societies. He won the Erisophian Oratory Contest and a scholarship which went with it. He also was awarded the "1914 Class Scholarship," a scholarship donated by that class and presented each year to some student who by good scholarship, student leadership, and worthy

character would be selected for that place. So he turned down the Erisophian scholarship to accept the 1914 class scholarship.

It is not difficult to understand why John Rice did not have time for football. He was up every morning at 5:20 to carry the mail from downtown Waco to the Baylor University sub-station. Then he went to milk the Baylor cows. After the milk was carefully strained and put away, he went to earn his breakfast by drying the dishes at the girls' dormitory. In addition, he worked at the university book store and served as janitor for the Seventh and James Street Baptist Church. He also conducted a little mission Sunday School for the Seventh and James Street Church and by pooling the income from these sundry sources, along with some small loans, he was able to make his expenses and pay his way through college.

He made acceptable but not outstanding grades. He simply did not have the time to do the studying necessary to lead his class scholastically. He was elected president of the University Christian Association and thereby served as the Baylor University director of the Seventy-five Million Campaign. He led his fellow students in this effort to raise cash and pledges for the Southern Baptist denominational fund and they successfully reached their goal of \$75,000 at Baylor under his leadership.

Even in college he gained considerable reputation as a speaker. He gave commencement addresses in high schools and spoke frequently as a layman to church and young people's groups. He sometimes helped conduct street services and preached in the jail at Waco. Although he then had no idea of becoming a preacher, he was generally considered with the ministerial students by the faculty and student body alike. On one occasion Dr. J. B. Tidwell, the noble head of the Bible department, remarked to one of his classes (where, incidentally, the future Mrs. John R. Rice was enrolled), "If any girl does not want to marry a preacher, she had better not marry John Rice."

How he did get the girl is another story . . .

(Chapter 4 of MAN SENT FROM GOD. \$3.50. Sword of the Lord, Box 420, Wheaton, Illinois.)

Tom Taylor's penetrating guidance makes Old Testament study at Faith Seminary an unique involvement with biblical past. Prophetic Books, Pentateuch, Middler Homiletics, Advanced Hebrew, become vibrant episodes in Seminary life as Prof. Taylor lends scholarly wit to his classroom. A graduate of Bryan University, he says "Not only does the Old Testament seethe with background material for the New, it is rich with prophetic considerations of Christ and His Kingdom." At Faith, understanding Old Testament is gained through thorough study of the original language and detailed analysis in accord with sound principles of biblical exegesis and interpretation. Prof. Taylor is one of a group of Bible-believing Faith scholars training 20th Century Reformers in an atmosphere of pre-millennial expectation and historic Christian urgency.



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A New Year's Benediction

(Continued from page 1)

God has cast away unfinished. Is there one speck in His creation where God hath begun to build but was not able to complete? Shall it be said over the creature twice made—"The Spirit began to work in this man's heart, but the man was mightier than the Spirit, and sin conquered grace"? Oh, my dear brethren, the prayer shall be fulfilled.

But, beloved, it must be after ye have suffered a while. Ye cannot be perfected except by fire. There is no way of ridding you of your dross and your tin but by the flames of the furnace of affliction.

2. Establishment

Let us now proceed to the second blessing of the benediction — establishment. It is not enough even if the Christian had received in himself a proportional perfection, if he were not established. You have seen the arch of Heaven as it spans the plain: glorious are its colors, and rare its hues. Though we have seen it many and many a time, it never ceases to be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." But, alas for the rainbow, it is not established. It passes away, and lo it is not. A thing that is made of transitory sunbeams and passing raindrops; how can it abide? And mark, the more beautiful the vision, the more sorrowful the reflection when that vision vanishes, and there is nothing left but darkness.

It is, then, a very necessary wish for the Christian, that he should be established. Of all God's known conceptions, next to His incarnate Son, I do not hesitate to pronounce a Christian man the noblest conception of God. But if this conception is to be but as the rainbow painted on the cloud, and is to pass away forever, woe worth the day that ever our eyes were tantalized with a sublime conception that is so soon to melt away.

Rooted and Grounded in Love

Is a Christian man better than the flower of the field, which is here today and which withers when the sun is risen with fervent heat, unless God establish him? Oh, may God fulfill to you this rich benediction. May your character be not a writing upon the sand, but an inscription upon the rock. May your desires be earnest. May your whole life be so settled, fixed, and established, that all the blasts of Hell and all the storms of earth shall never be able to remove you.

An Appeal for Maturity and Progress

The benediction, however, of the apostle is one which I pray may be fulfilled in us, whether we be young or old, but especially in those of you who have long known your Lord and Saviour. You ought not now to be the subject of those doubts which vex the babe in grace. Those first principles should not always be laid again by you; but you should be going forward to something higher. How is it that some of the sunlight does not gleam from your eyes? We who are young look up to you old-established Christians; and if we see you doubting and hear you speaking with a trembling lip, then we are exceedingly cast down. We pray for our sakes as well as yours, that this blessing may be fulfilled in you, that you may be established: that you may no longer be exercised with doubt; that you may know your interest in Christ; that you may feel that you are secure in Him; that, resting upon the Rock of Ages, you may know that you cannot perish while your feet are fixed there.

3. Strengthening

Now for a third blessing, which is strengthening. Ah, brethren, this is a very necessary blessing, too, for all Christians. There be some whose characters seem to be fixed and established. But they still lack force and vigor. Shall I give you a picture of a Christian without strength? There he is. He has espoused the cause of King Jesus. He hath put on his armour; he hath enlisted in the heavenly

host. Do you observe him? He is perfectly panoplied from head to foot, and he carries with him the shield of faith. Do you notice, too, how firmly he is established? He keeps his ground, and he will not be removed.

Yet when he uses his sword, it falls with feeble force. His shield, though he grasps it as firmly as his weakness will allow him, trembles in his grasp. There he stands; he will not move, but still tottering is his position. His knees knock together with affright when he heareth the sound and the noise of war and tumult. What doth this man need? His will is right, his intention is right, and his heart is fully set upon good things. Why, he needeth strength. The poor man is weak and childlike. Either because he has been fed on unsavory and unsubstantial meat, or because of some sin which has straitened him, he has not that force and strength which ought to dwell in the Christian man. But once let the prayer of Peter be fulfilled to him, and how strong the Christian becomes.

There is not in all the world a creature so strong as a Christian when God is with him. He smelleth the battle afar off, and he cries in the midst of the tumult, "Aha! aha! aha!" He laugheth at all the hosts of his enemies. Or if you compare him to the Leviathan—if he be cast into the sea of trouble, he lashes about him and makes the deep hoary with benedictions. He is not overwhelmed by the depth, nor is he afraid of the rocks; he has the protection of God about him, and the floods cannot drown him; nay, they become an element of delight to him, while by the grace of God he rejoiceth in the midst of the billows.

Here and there we hear of one who seems to work all but miracles in these modern times, and we are astonished. Oh, that ye had faith like these men!

I do not think there is much more piety in England now than there used to be in the days of the Puritans. I believe there are far more pious men; but while the quantity has been multiplied, I fear the quality has been depreciated. And this may account for the fact that while our piety has become shallow, our strength has become weak. Oh, may God strengthen you this year! But remember, if He does so, you will then have to suffer. "After that ye have suffered a while," may He strengthen you.

4. Settling

And now I come to the last blessing of the four—which is "settling." I will not say that this last blessing is greater than the other three, but it is a stepping stone to each; and strange to say, it is often the result of a gradual attainment of the three preceding ones. "Settle you!" Oh, how many there are that are never settled! The tree which should be transplanted every week should soon die. How many Christians there be that are transplanting themselves constantly, even as to their doctrinal sentiments. There be some who generally believe according to the last speaker; and there be others that do not know what they do believe, but they believe almost anything that is told them. Men have come to believe that it does not matter what they do believe; that although one minister says it is so, and the other says it is not so, yet we are both right; though we contradict each other flatly, yet we are both correct.

I can never understand how contrary sentiments can both be in accordance with the Word of God, which is the standard of truth. But yet there be some who are like the weathercock upon the church steeple they turn just as the wind blows.

Now, I pray that this many be taken away from any of you, if this be your weakness, and that you may be settled. Far from us be bigotry removed; yet would I have the Christian know what he believes to be true and then stand to it.

Take your time in weighing the controversy, but when you have once decided, be not easily moved. What is according to God's Word one day, cannot be contrary to it another day; what was true in Luther's day and Calvin's day must be true now; that falsehoods

may shift, for they have a Protean shape; but the truth is one and indivisible, and evermore the same.

If, however, I wished you to be firm in your doctrines, my prayer would be that you may be especially settled in your faith. You believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and you rest in Him. But sometimes your faith wavers; then you lose your joy and comfort. I pray that your faith may become so settled that it may never be a matter of question with you whether Christ is yours or not, but that you may say confidently, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him."

Then I pray that you may be settled in your aims and designs. There are many Christian people who get a good idea into their heads, but they never carry it out, because they ask some friend what he thinks of it. "Not much," says he. Of course he does not. Who ever did think much of anybody else's idea? And at once the person who conceived it gave it up, and the work is never accomplished.

Now, I pray you, be settled in your aims. See what niche it is that God would have you occupy. Stand in it, and don't be out of it by all the laughter that comes upon you. If you believe that God has called you to a work, do it. If men will help you, thank them to stand out of your road or be run over. Let nothing daunt you. He who will serve his God must expect sometimes to serve Him alone.

But you will not be settled unless you suffer. You will become settled in your faith and settled in your aims by suffering. Men are soft molluscous animals in these days. We have not the tough men who know they are right and stand to it. When a man is right, the worst thing he can have is inconstancy, vacillation, the fear of men. Hurl it from thee, O knight of the holy cross, and be firm if thou wouldst be victorious.

II. Reasons Why Peter Expected His Prayer Would Be Heard

He asked that they might be made perfect, established, strengthened, settled. Did not Unbelief whisper in Peter's ear, "Peter, thou askest too much. Thou wast always headstrong. Thou didst say, 'Bid me come upon the water'; surely this is another instance of thy presumption. If thou hadst said, 'Lord, make them holy'—had it not been a sufficient prayer? Hast thou not asked too much?"

"No," saith Peter; and he replies to Unbelief, "I am sure I shall receive what I have asked for; for I am in the first place asking it of the God of all grace."

Surely, when we come to Him we cannot come for too much.

Believer, when you are on your knees, remember you are going to a King. Let your petitions be large. Imitate the example of Alexander's courtier who, when he was told he might have whatever he chose to ask as a reward for his valor, asked a sum of money so large that Alexander's treasurer refused to pay it until he had first seen the monarch. When he saw the monarch, he smiled and said, "It is true it is much for him to ask, but it is not much for Alexander to give. I admire him for his faith in me; let him have all he asks for."

And dare I ask that I may be perfect, that my angry temper may be taken away, my stubbornness removed, my imperfections covered? Yes, I may ask it; and I shall have it, for He is the God of all grace.

1. Think of Thy Calling

Look again at the text, and you see another reason why Peter expected that his prayer would be heard: "The God of all grace who hath called us." Unbelief might have said to Peter, "Peter, it is true that God is the God of all grace, but He is as a fountain shut up, as waters sealed." "Ah," saith Peter, "get thee hence, Satan; thou savorest not the things that be of God. It is not a sealed fountain of all grace, for it has begun to flow." "The God of all grace hath called us."

Now mark, if God has called me, I may ask Him to establish and keep me; I may ask that as year rolls after year my piety may not die out; I may pray that the bush may burn, but not be consumed; that the barrel of meal may not waste, and the cruse of oil may not fail. Dare I ask that to life's latest hour I may be faithful to God, because God is faithful to me? Yes, I may ask it, and I shall have it, too, because the God who calls will give the rest. "For whom he did foreknow them did he predestinate, and whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified them he also glorified."

2. His Eternal Glory

But I think there is a stronger reason coming yet: "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory . . ." Hath God called thee, my hearer? Dost thou know to what He has called thee? He called thee first into the house of conviction, where He made thee to feel they sin. Again He called thee to Calvary's summit, where thou didst see thy sin atoned for and thy pardon sealed with precious blood.

And now He calls thee again. And whither away? The voice comes from the eternal glory. There where Jehovah sits resplendent on His throne, surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, from that brightness into which angels dare not gaze, I hear a voice, "Come unto Me, thou bloodwashed sinner; come unto My eternal glory."

Has God called me to Heaven, and is there anything on earth He will deny me?

3. Everything Comes Through Christ

The last reason why the apostle expected that his benediction would be fulfilled was this: "Who hath called us to his eternal glory by Christ Jesus . . ." It is a singular fact that no promise is ever so sweet to the believer than those in which the name of Christ is mentioned. If I have to preach a comforting sermon to desponding Christians, I would never select a text which did not enable me to lead the desponding one to the cross.

Does it not seem too much to you, brethren and sisters, that the God of all grace should be your God? Does it not surpass your faith that He should actually

have called you? Do you not sometimes doubt as to whether you were called at all? And when you think of eternal glory, does not the question arise, "Shall I ever enjoy it? Shall I ever see the face of God with acceptance?"

Oh, beloved, when ye hear of Christ, when you know that this grace comes through Christ, and the calling through Christ, and the glory through Christ, then you say, "Lord, I can believe it now, if it is through Christ." It is not a hard thing to believe that Christ's blood was sufficient to purchase every blessing for me.

I would, in concluding, make this remark. I wish my brothers and sisters, that during this year you may live nearer to Christ than you have ever done before. Depend upon it, it is when we think much of Christ, that we think little of ourselves, little of our troubles, and little of the doubts and fears that surround us. Begin from this day, and may God help you. Never let a single day pass over your heads without a visit to the Garden of Gethsemane, and the cross on Calvary.

And as for some of you who are not saved and know not the Redeemer, I would to God that this very day you would come to Christ. You may come boldly. There is no fee required; there is no preparation necessary. You may come just as you are.

It was a brave saying of Luther's when he said, "I would run into Christ's arms even if He had a drawn sword, but He has His wounds in His hands." Run into His arms, poor sinner. "Oh," you say, "may I come?" How can you ask the question? you are commanded to come. The great command of the Gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus." Those who disobey this command disobey God.

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Do It Again

(Continued from page 1)

of furniture in that building told a history of the great John Wesley revival campaigns while he was here.

This old Negro southerner went to the pulpit, knelt in the very spot where John Wesley preached

one day, looked up to Heaven and with a heart full of emotion and a voice choked with tears, said, "Dear Lord, do it again! Do it again!"

And I want to preach tonight on "Do It Again." The Bible said, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

All over this country churches are living in the shadow of yesterday, living with simply memoirs and scrapbooks of a wonderful history, but with no faith for a similar future. All over this land today are places which were once great cathedrals for evangelism, where the power of God would fall from Sunday to Sunday, where the breath of Heaven would come, where there was old-fashioned repentance of sin, conviction and conversion. But now in many, many of those places all we have is the name of the pastor on the cornerstone or perhaps a few memories of these days. Very few come to Sunday night services any more, if they have Sunday night services—in these churches, once teaming with thousands of people on Sunday night. In churches where once hundreds were saved—now you can scarcely get enough out to hear the choir sing the special on Sunday night. And the preacher gives some little talk about some pertinent public thing.

What has happened? I know a little about preachers. One reason is, I am one of them. And I preach to thousands of them each year. I know that across the land today there is a general conception: We have had revival, have felt the breath of God. Things happened yesterday. We thank God for the memory of Sunday, Moody, Spurgeon, Torrey, Finney, Edwards—all those great men. Yet we have folded our wings on the apathetic note of the age of apostasy, and we have said the winds of modernism and the clouds of sin, the winds of secularism and the clouds of materialism have blown so much in our land that we cannot today do what they did yesterday. But my Bible says, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

My precious friends, God in Heaven is not dependent upon winds nor clouds to get His job done. In this age of apostasy and modernism and liberalism, and when thousands deny the veracity of the Word of God, when thousands do not believe the virgin birth, when the fundamentals on which our fathers were reared are laughed at and mocked and ridiculed, I still contend that God is not worn out. We have the idea that God is an old dotting Grandfather in Heaven, who is just about petered out, just about worn out. He's just about used all His energy. Oh, back yonder one day He was a great and powerful God who could open waters and seas, a God who could still the waves and calm the storm, and open deaf ears and blind eyes, and cause the dumb to speak, the sick to get well, the dead to live, the lame to walk. Then He was a great and powerful God. But today the age of apostasy has set in. We are in the last days, and God cannot do it now. Winds of doubt, clouds of apostasy, winds of sin, clouds of modernism and liberalism have made the church of Jesus Christ fold its wings and lose its faith in the omnipotence of our great God. I contend, it can be done again.

God has not changed. God's people have changed. I contend that when God's people who are called by God's name, humble themselves and pray, and seek God's face, and turn from their wicked ways, God

will today hear from Heaven just like He heard Torrey, just like He heard Nash, just like He heard Savanarola, just like He heard John and Charles Wesley, just like He heard John Calvin, John Knox, John Welsh, and the great men of yesterday.

The God of yesterday's revival is not dead. And if God could find the church, if God could find the staff, if God could find some deacons, if God could find some leaders of the church who would believe Him, humble themselves, fall on their faces, confess their sins, get hold of God and pray, pray, pray, and hang on to God and weep and cry for God to send revival, God could do it just like He did yesterday. Certainly He could. God is not out of date.

There are three reasons why I make that contention. In the first place, God has not changed. In the second place, conditions do not limit God. In the third place, we have God's promises.

God Has Not Changed

Hebrews 13:8 says, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." I like Elisha, that young preacher who followed Elijah around. Elijah was a great man of God. Elisha saw Elijah call fire on Mount Carmel, saw him as he rebuked the prophets of Baal. Elijah was this young preacher's model, his ideal, his hero. So it came time for Elijah to go to Heaven in a whirlwind, for God to take him to Heaven and rapture him. If it had been me, I would have said, "Elijah, would you just give me half of your power? Would you ask God to give me half of the portion of what you have?" Or, maybe if I had stirred up a whole lot of faith, I would have said, "Elijah, could you pray for God to give me what you have?"

But not so with Elisha! He said, "Elijah, would you pray for God to give me twice what you've got?" Yes, we puny, little weak-kneed, soft-soaping, scratch-my-back, I'll-scratch-yours, tickle-my-ear, I'll-tickle-yours, rose-water and peach preachers on Sunday morning and Sunday night who get up and make our little talks and pray for God somehow to do something in our day! Why don't we pray for God to send Carmel fire again? Why don't we pray for God to send pentecostal salvation again? Why don't we pray for God in Heaven to reach down and send us what He sent to Moody and Spurgeon and Finney and those great men of yesterday? God isn't dead. God has not changed.

I have seen a little bit of what God can do, but never, never what I want to see. I am hungry to

(Continued on page 7)

Searching the Scriptures

Revelation 21

God Tells Us About Heaven

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 "I make all things new"
- 5 "had a golden reed to measure city"
- 8 "the gates of it shall not be shut all by day"
- 10 city from which God called Abraham (Gen. 15:7)
- 11 "there shall be night there"
- 12 "(d) as a bride adorned for her husband"
- 15 Hebrew letter preceding Ps. 119:169
- 16 belonging to man who built the ark
- 19 "there shall be no more death, sorrow"
- 23 faithful man who would not rebel against David (I Kings 1:8)
- 24 "Which he on us abundantly through Jesus Christ" Titus 3 (present tense)
- 25, 54 "I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the of God is with"
- 29 man who built Jericho (I Kings 16:34)
- 30 "The length and the breadth and the of it are equal"
- 32 "perfect love casteth out" I John 4
- 33 "they which are written in the Lamb's book life"
- 35 "I will be his, and he shall be my son"
- 36 "I will give unto him that athirst of the fountain of the water of life"
- 38 animal King Solomon imported (II Chron. 9:21)
- 40 "he said unto, It is done"
- 41 initials of two kings (Prov. 31:1; Isa. 6:1)
- 42 prophet who wrote, "I will call them my people which were not my people" Rom. 9
- 44 father of Eliphaz (I Chron. 11:35)
- 45 "Whether we be Jew or Gentiles, whether we be or free" I Cor. 12
- 47, 31 down "And I saw no; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple"
- 48 "upon his kingdom, to it, and to establish it with judgment" Isa. 9
- 50 initials of two things put into the breastplate of judgment (Ex. 28:30)
- 51 initials of two countries to which Paul went to preach (Rom. 15:24; 19)

- 52, 9 down "And God shall wipe all from their eyes; and there shall be no more death"
- 53 "he measured the city the reed"
- 54 see 25 across

CLUES DOWN

- 1 "shall have their part in the lake which with fire and brimstone"
- 2 son of Judah (Gen. 38:3)
- 3 "the east three gates"
- 4 "I am with you alway" Matt. 28
- 5 "Write: for these words are and faithful"
- 6 "that overcometh shall inherit all things"
- 7 initials of two friends of Paul, a fellow-prisoner, and a fellow-labourer (Philem. 23, 1)
- 8 a city in Moab (Num. 21:28)
- 9 see 52 across
- 12 "In a it shall be made with oil" Lev. 6
- 13 continual pain
- 14 "Canst thou fill his skin with irons?" Job 41
- 17 "it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his" Gen. 3
- 18 "come down ere my child die" John 4
- 20 "was in the that is called Patmos" Rev. 1
- 21 "and all liars, shall have part in the lake"
- 22 a memorial (Josh. 22:34)
- 26 small city which defeated Israelites (Josh. 7)
- 27 "And the city had no of the sun, neither of the moon"
- 28 who the Lamb is
- 31 see 47 across
- 32 "And whosoever was not written in the book of life was cast into the lake" Rev. 20
- 33 "I am Alpha and the beginning and the end"
- 34 initials of two of Paul's friends who helped him (I Cor. 16:17; Phil. 4:18)
- 35 "descending out of heaven from God, Having the of God"
- 37 "whom the world cannot receive, because it him not" John 14
- 39 what Daniel and his friends chose to eat (Dan. 1:12)
- 43 large bird similar to ostrich
- 45 large, dangerous snake (constrictor)
- 46 "I will be as the unto Israel" Hos. 14
- 49 initials of a wife chosen by a servant and her husband (Gen. 24:67)

Free!

for correct prompt answers to Puzzle Number 53

Looking Unto Jesus

by Theodore Monod



Based on the text in Hebrews 12:2, this booklet is clearly an effort to show every individual that Christ is to be all in all. It opens with the simple statement, "Only three words, but in those three words is the whole secret of life."

Paragraph after paragraph highlights the reality of looking only to Him and not to other things. By way of example, the author admonishes: "Unto Jesus and not at Satan, though he seek to terrify us by his fury, or to entice us by his flatteries. Oh! from how many useless questions we would save ourselves, from how many disturbing scruples, from how much loss of time, dangerous dalliings with evil, waste of energy, empty dreams, bitter disappointments, sorrowful struggles, and distressing falls, by looking steadily unto Jesus, and by following Him wherever He may lead us. Then we shall be too much occupied with not losing sight of the path which He marks out for us, to waste even a glance on those in which He does not think is suitable to lead us."

The book is translated from the French by Helen Willis.

THE RULES

1. Fill in blanks according to clues given. Answers must be complete and correct.

2. PRINT name and address in blank below puzzle. This coupon serves as your address label for envelope containing your prize. If you print your answers on a separate sheet in order to not cut your Sword, put them in the same form as the puzzle rather than in columns. Entries will not be returned.

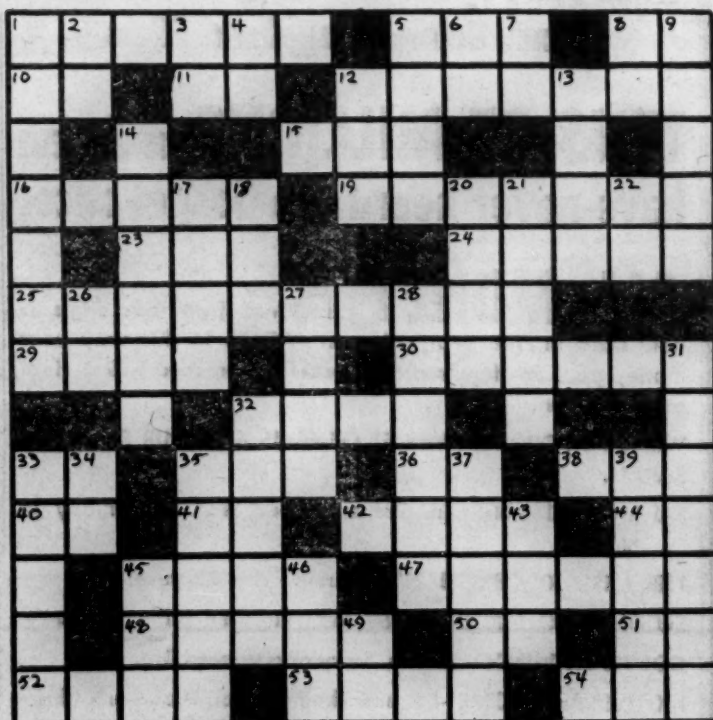
3. If paper arrives after deadline, place date of arrival on puzzle entry. Answer to Puzzle Number 53 will appear in January 20 issue.

4. Each person having a correct entry will receive a coupon along with the weekly prize. Save these coupons! At the end of the year (1960) those who send us 48 coupons will receive the popular book, *Home: Courtship, Marriage and Children*; for 40 coupons, *The Soul-Winner's Fire*; for 25 coupons, *Apples of Gold*, 153 heart-warming Christian poems.

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Deadline: January 9, 1961

Puzzle No. 53



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Answer to Puzzle No. 50

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ALERT I APE
FERN BANISHED
TAR EEL M A
EVERY PERFECT
DED E HAI HER
S S SAT B I
S GIFT CALEB
IS FROM ABOVE
NO TOWER EWES

Do It Again

(Continued from page 6)

see it, though. I can't drive down the streets of Chicago without getting hungry. I go in the Loop—I have never seen so many people in my life. I just wonder where everybody else lives in the world. Oh, my soul! Chicago is almost as big as Texas! I go down into Chicago, in the Loop, and I see those people and I think, Wouldn't it be wonderful for revival to shake this place? Wouldn't it be wonderful for God to raise up again a Billy Sunday, or a Dwight Moody who could take this old sin-cursed area for God and God could send His power in conviction? Wouldn't you love to be in a revival like that again? Wouldn't you love to see this old city, teaming with sin and liquor and adultery and fornication and lasciviousness and all kinds of evil, where there is every kind of a racket, and where every kind of an undercover job under the sun is committed—wouldn't you love to see it stirred by the great revival fires of yesterday?

No, God has not changed. He can still open rivers and send revival. The trouble is not with God.

I have seen so little, but enough to know there could be more. In a Baptist college in Texas, one day I think I saw revival. The football team was in charge of chapel that day. They were having a Young People's Retreat for all the mission volunteers, and special service volunteers. So the football team asked me to speak in chapel. I was then pastor in east Texas. The students asked if I would stay over and speak to the Retreat. Now I never did like a Retreat! I like Advances myself, but they called it Retreat! Anyway, they asked me to stay over for Retreat and to speak to all the mission volunteers, preachers, etc. I did.

Oh, my, I preached! That old college, famous for its history, dipped in the blood of people who through the years had fought to make it a big school and an old historic place. I preached, and preached, and preached! They never heard so much hollering in thirty minutes as they heard that day! When I got through I gave a simple invitation, like I always do, giving a chance for people to respond. If I am going to cook a meal, I want to call folks to eat. So I gave an invitation. Nothing was happening. Oh, maybe one or two came to the altar. A few tears had been shed—just normal, routine things like most of us are satisfied with. So I prayed for God to move. I knew hundreds of students there needed to make some decision. There were those who needed to get saved. I knew there was a division of students on the campus, and strife, and envy, and maliciousness. So I prayed for God to get hold of the thing.

That night my message was on

Elijah. During the invitation . . . all of a sudden the piano stopped playing. I looked around and the pianist was streaking down the center aisle. I thought, What in the world is wrong! She saw a girl friend at the back. She threw her arms around her and began to cry. The girl friend began to cry. They wept, prayed and asked forgiveness, those two who had ill will in their hearts. They had criticised each other, gossiped about each other. They had reviled!

The song leader quit singing. I thought, Am I going to have to lead the singing! When I looked he was taking out down this aisle. He saw a great big football player back there. The song leader threw his arms around him and said, "O John, I am sorry! I want to confess my sin."

Listen, as if we were playing "Fruitbasket Turned Over," immediately I saw the most unusual sight. That entire college campus was turned into an upheaval. No one was in his seat, but all were moving about, walking around confessing sin and asking for forgiveness. One by one, student and faculty alike, stood and confessed their sins. We stayed there until past midnight praising God for His goodness, under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. That night in that Christian school fifteen or twenty were saved.

Precious friends, the God of yesterday is still alive. When I was pastor at Miller Road Baptist Church in Garland, Texas, we had a blessed ministry. How good God had been! In six years a little handful of forty-four people grew to over four thousand membership. God blessed Sunday after Sunday. For over three years we averaged twenty-three additions per Sunday. God had been so gracious.

But my own heart was cold. I felt I needed a revival. I felt our people needed a revival. Brother Lyons will recall something about this, and my wife. I got on my face in my study and prayed, "O God, give a revival." I prayed first for God to revive me. The greatest personal revival I ever had was on my face in my study that day. I said, "Now dear Lord, we will have a revival in this church and I will preach. We will use our own musicians. Come and bless us."

I called my folks together. We prayed, 120 in the upper room, the night before the revival. All night a group of us met to pray. The next morning when I stood to preach in a place where we had seen miracle after miracle after miracle, fifty-two people came to Christ, forty-four of them grown people. No visiting preacher at all. In those seven days of revival, 175 people were added to our church. I baptized 131. God's people had a mind to work, pray, seek God's face and turn from sin, and God's power came.

I was in a meeting in Texas in a little town of two hundred people. I don't know about you, but I love those towns of two hundred people, where everybody speaks to everybody else. I just like to speak to folks. You north-erners—it is high time you quit snubbing each other on the street and start speaking. When I spoke to a fellow the other day, he stopped his car. He thought I was mad at him! In front of St. Marcus Hospital a fellow was walking by early one morning. I was there, and I said, "Good morning. How are you?" He answered, "I am perfectly miserable," and just kept on walking!

In that little town of two hundred people we had a revival. Twelve bootleggers were saved in one week. You don't know anything until you have met an East Texas bootlegger! One night they drove up and down in front of the church parsonage with guns, hollering they were going to kill us. But I saw more people saved in that revival meeting than there were prospects in that town!

I have seen a few things God can do. And I know this: the winds in this town, and the clouds of doubt and modernism and all that, cannot stop God working when God's people meet His conditions for revival. God has not changed.

In the next place,

Conditions Do Not Limit God.

Recently while reading in some church history book I was re-

minded that God is never limited by conditions. In fact, the harder the condition, the easier it is sometimes for God to work.

For example, the greatest revival of Christianity this world has known perhaps since Jerusalem came in the middle of the Dark Ages. The world had gone through the most pitiful age in its history. The world had never known such ignorance, darkness, and sin as it knew then; but out of those Dark Ages came men such as Savaranola, Wesley, Calvin, Luther—men of God with conviction, who believed God. And we need today people who believe God! God says He will hear from Heaven, will forgive our sins and heal our land, but nobody believes it. "We are living in the last days, in the age of apostasy. We are falling away, and these are not days of revival. God does not work miracles any more," we say. Oh, He does! Yes, He does, IF HE CAN FIND PEOPLE TO MEET HIS CONDITIONS.

You recall in the days of John the Baptist. For four hundred years—since the prophet Malachi had written the last book in the Old Testament—there had been no revelation from God, no open sign from God. Darkness had settled on the world.

Then what happened? There came a little fellow, as Dr. R. G. Lee says, dressed in camel's hair and eating grasshopper salad—John. Out there eating locust and wild honey, dressed in camel's hair, he was preaching "Repent! Repent! Repent!" Out they came. To see what? A reed shaken in the wind? No, a man of God who said, "There comes one after me whose shoe laces I am not worthy to unloose. Repent! Repent and look to Him!" The nation Israel came, crowds came and thousands got converted and baptized at the hands of this preacher. Why? Because one man, John, met the conditions of God.

Atheism was at the pinnacle when Billy Sunday was at the peak of his revival campaigns in America. Many times in his campaigns he would preach a sermon just to atheists. When Billy Sunday was having great revivals, evolution was sweeping the nation. The wind of evolution, the clouds of atheism. Yet when God could find a Moody, when God could find a Sunday, revival came.

My precious friends, God is not powerless even if the schools go modernistic. God is not limited if denominations lose their fire. God still has resources if churches lose their zeal. God can send revival regardless of the conditions, or the winds, or the clouds, IF GOD'S PEOPLE MEET GOD'S CONDITIONS.

There are some people here tonight who do not want revival because it would break up the complacency and regular procedure of many of our churches. There are many Christians and church members in America who don't care if revival comes or not. Don't blame God because we don't have a revival. It is my fault, your fault. Show me some people who will hunger for a revival of righteousness, who will hunger for the power of God to come, and our delinquency problem will be cured, and our labor relations; the breath of God would settle upon our land and sin and immorality and adultery and wickedness in high places would be cured.

What can bring it? A revival from God. Show me some people who will get hold of the horns of God's altar and say, "Dear God, we will stay here until You bless us; we will pray for revival until it comes," and things will happen as happened in the days of the little Fulton Street prayer meetings in New York City. God's power can breathe once again in this dark and twentieth century.

"He that observeth the wind shall not sow; he that regardeth the clouds shall not bring forth the harvest." Conditions do not limit God.

The power of God came at Pentecost at one of the darkest hours in the world's history. They had just taken God's Son, God incarnate, and nailed Him to the cross. People had rejected Him, spat upon Him, slapped Him, stripped Him of His clothing, and scourged Him. Jesus Christ was forsaken even by those who said they loved Him. It was a dark hour.

But wait a minute! A few days later 120 people got together to pray. For ten days they prayed and the power of God fell. Listen, if it had been us today, what would we have said? "We can't have revival with all these murderers around here killing Jesus. We can't have a revival." But God is not limited by winds or clouds. **GOD IS JUST NEEDFUL OF SOMEBODY WHO BELIEVES IN THE DARK HOUR.**

There was a man named Elijah. Eight hundred and fifty ungodly prophets and preachers were against him. King Ahab was against him. Queen Jezebel was against him. Elijah stood alone. One day he said, "Okay, boys, let's see whose god is real." So the Baalites put a bullock on an altar, and Elijah said, "You pray and if fire comes, I will worship Baal. I'll pray, and if fire comes, you worship Jehovah."

Occasionally people come to church who don't believe in laughing and having a good time. Personally I believe in it. I believe when we come to God's house, God's people should delight themselves in the good things of God; and laughter is in order.

They prayed. While these fellows were saying, "O Baal, hear us and send fire!" Elijah said, "Call a little louder, fellows. He has probably gone for a visit next door. He is probably going to or coming from. No doubt he is on a journey. He's probably sojourning a little bit." They cut themselves, ripped their clothes, beat themselves and said, "Hear us, Baal! Hear us!"

That day, one little preacher who believed God—one, ONE—not one hundred, but ONE who believed God, stood up and said, "Pour some barrels of water on the bullock." He said, "Do it again, and do it again"—three times, for this is a job for God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. He said, "Do it three times," then he said, "Oh, great God of Jacob, Isaac, Abraham, show these people that Thou art God."

And the fire came. What happened? Those 850 preachers fell on their faces. The people began to cry, "The Lord, he is God! The Lord, he is God!" Such revival broke out as the world had not seen before. Why? ONE MAN BELIEVED GOD. God does not worry about the winds nor the clouds. Conditions do not limit Him.

In the city of Nineveh, one man believed God and six hundred thousand got saved. In wicked Samaria, one woman believed God and multitudes came and great revival broke out.

Not only do I contend that it can be done again because God has not changed, conditions do not limit God, but we have

The Promise of God.

I get so ashamed of myself, so aggravated. Sometimes I get so burdened, I pray, "God, why can't I do what Elijah did? Why can't I get some fire? God, why can't I see three thousand saved some time?" And I try. I want to get it, I try to get it, I pray for it. I get so impatient with myself. Oh, I hope you will pray for me. As pastor of this great church in this great area, I feel so burdened. As I drive up and down this area and see people living on top of each other two and three and four deep, and many houses with twenty-five people living in them, I say, "God, do something big! Big! Real big! Give me power. May the breath of Elijah come! May the breath of Finney come! May the Holy Ghost descend upon this preacher. O God, don't let me be a usual preacher in an unusual day."

These are days when one-motored planes have been traded for jet-propelled planes that travel up to fifteen hundred miles an hour. These are days when little bombs that killed one or two have been traded for atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, hell bombs that can destroy nations. These are days when Model-T Fords have been traded in for intercontinental missiles. These are days when busses have been traded for rockets to the moon. These are days when pop guns have been traded for firecrackers. Oh, God in Heaven, let me trade in my little pistol I have been using these fifteen years, and give me some blockbusters for Jesus!

Oh, my heart hungers as I think about this area. I have not come to Hammond to settle down and have a blessed ministry in a usual church, as a usual pastor to a usual people. I have not come here because I like the climate. God knows I have not come for that! I have not come to Hammond because I could get more pay, for I did not get more pay when I came. I did not come here to get a big church, because I had a larger church before I came here. I didn't come to preach to more people, because I preached to more folks before I came. I came because I believe the same God who called Elijah, called me to Hammond, Indiana. And by God's grace and mercy, if I can get His anointing and the breath of God upon our ministry, I believe we can reach thousands in this area.

How can I do it? How can we do it? If my people—that's me; who are called by my name—that's me; will humble themselves—that's me; and pray—that's me; and seek God's face—that's for me; and turn from their wicked ways, God says He will hear from Heaven, will forgive their sins, and heal their land.

I believe I have gotten to the place in my life where I want to see something big. I am not satisfied with the present gun I am using. I am hungering and thirsting after something else. Oh, let us pray that God will give each of us a hunger to see Him move in this city.

I ask again that you pray for me. I want to be God's man, in God's place. When I tuck my Bible under my arm and walk away from this pulpit, I want to feel that God's man has just sat down after having delivered God's message. And I pray that in these days we will not regard nor worry about the winds nor the clouds, but will look to the God who opened the Red Sea and parted Jordan, who caused the sun to stand still, who fed five thousand with a few loaves and fishes, who calmed the waves and stopped the storm, who caused blind eyes to see and the deaf to hear, and dumb tongues to speak—let us look to Him to perform miracles in Hammond, Indiana.

Let's humble ourselves. Let's quit playing big church. Let's quit trying to impress somebody. Let's quit trying to be proud, a showboat, a style show. Let's humble ourselves, get on our faces before God.

Then let's pray, bombard the throne of Heaven. Pardon the colloquialism, but let's make God have to say to the angels, "It's that First Baptist Church in Hammond crowd again. They just keep knocking. They just keep praying." Let's make God conscious always of our praying.

Then let us humble ourselves, and turn from sin. Then what will happen? God says He will hear from Heaven, will forgive our sins, and heal our land.

God's promise is, "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." If we regard the clouds and winds of apostasy and sin, we will not sow nor reap. But may we have faith in a God who could calm the storm, walk on the water, speak and the worlds come into being; faith in a God who could make man from dust and his wife from his rib; faith in a God who could cause a few little fish to feed five thousand people; faith in a great God who holds the world in His hand.

Shall we pray.

PRAYER:

Our Father, we have hit the same nail again. We have been trying to drive it down for weeks. We are not mad at anybody, just hungry to see something happen. We are not concerned about a big church roll; we just want to feel God move. We want the breath of God. We are tired, dear Lord, of man-made methods, man-made programs, man-made tricks, man-made schemes. We want something direct from Heaven. We want to feel You in this place—the great God of yesterday, the same today, and forever. O God, may there be a restlessness among these people, not because of some physical discomfort, not because of some little personal dislike, but because of a hunger and a thirst for God and His power. Amen.

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Editor's Notes

(Continued from page 1)

new educational building, has had a good many saved.

Some Happy Services

Monday we had preachers from nearby towns for a service at 10:30 at the church and then lunch at the pastor's home for all who could stay. Some were struggling, somewhat discouraged in churches bound by tradition, dominated by deacons with little vision, little evangelistic outreach. Two pastors, a Baptist and a Pentecostal, told of great blessing with many souls being saved.

Last night (Wednesday night) we had five people happily saved, a blessed moving of the Spirit. Some are attending from miles away. Two couples came from Symrna, New York, some two hundred miles away to be in the services and seemed greatly blessed. They take THE SWORD OF THE LORD, read there about these services.

These Pastors Join in the Burden

In Goldsboro, North Carolina, I found that the pastor had led the church to have every family who would take THE SWORD OF THE LORD, and the church would pay \$1.00 and then members could have the paper for \$1.00 a year, making up the special club rate for churches of \$2.00 a year per subscription. Of course, the papers are mailed individually to separate addresses, but the church thus encouraged all the membership to take THE SWORD.

I spoke two weeks ago at the Country Club Hills Baptist Church, south of Chicago, and the good pastor, Brother Charles Hand, made the same public offer. Every one who wanted THE SWORD OF THE LORD at the club rate should put \$1.00 in the envelope, put their name and address on it, and then the church treasurer would make up the necessary amount for the subscription. This they did. And so the church will have the blessing of an inspired and well taught membership with a concern for revival and soul winning.

Some churches should put THE SWORD OF THE LORD in the church budget, providing it for every resident family. That would be a wonderfully fine investment, at little cost, for a church and would bring great spiritual returns and doubtless would more than pay for itself in the increased prayer and interest and giving, as it has done in the past. Other churches surely could make the simple proposition—that the church will pay \$1.00 on every one's subscription who will take THE SWORD on the church club rate of \$2.00 a year. Thus all who get it will be interested in it, and the church will get the blessing at very small cost.

A vigorous and spiritual pastor said to me yesterday, "What can our church do as a project for THE SWORD OF THE LORD?" He knew, of course, about the various projects, our efforts to pay for printing a new edition of "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" in English, in three languages in India, of the need for 100,000 copies of a new printing of the same pamphlet in Korea. He knew about our heavy radio expense, our Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund. We discussed it and he felt, as I do, that it would be best for the church simply to put a certain amount in the budget each month for THE SWORD OF THE LORD work. And the church may either designate it for Free Literature, or for radio broadcast, or for the Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund, or may have it given as needed in this nonprofit work. One church sends regular monthly gifts to be divided equally between the Free Literature and the Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund.

It is impossible to carry on the enormous missionary work we do and out of which we cannot possibly get any income without the help of God's people, God's preachers, God's churches. This year we need \$135,000 for this outright missionary work, this unselfish, soul-saving, around-the-world work which results in so many thousands of souls saved and so many missionaries, native pastors, and young Christians helped and

established in the faith. Other pastors and churches and other individuals are getting under the burden and helping regularly with this missionary and soul-winning, revival budget. Will your help? Can your church help regularly? We would be glad to give further information. Write, The Editor, Box 420, Wheaton, Illinois.

At Second Kent Church, Holmes, New York

It was good to have from Monday evening through Sunday, December 5-11, with Rev. Wayne Morrison and the Second Kent Baptist Church, near Holmes, Dutchess County, New York. In past years I have found unusually happy fellowship with New York State people in two great campaigns at Binghamton and Buffalo, and in lesser campaigns at Albany and Elmira and Brooklyn. And how these people in Dutchess County, fifty-five miles north of New York City, received me to their hearts and homes!

We had some twenty-three professions of faith; eighteen of these were outright conversions, I believe, and five were restorations of fellowship to backsliders. These included one man who claimed Christ in a hospital. Mr. Osborne of the physical therapy department of the hospital brought us to meet one lost man, an alcoholic, and in his office the man asked God for mercy and claimed Christ as Saviour. Another worker in the church is employed at a prison, and he took the little booklet, "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" to a troubled man in prison, with Catholic background, and he read it, trusted Christ, signed his name and sent the decision form to me.

Of course, in less than one week, the old-fashioned kind of revival for which I earnestly pray and work can only get started. During this week many pledged themselves to become soul winners and actually began the first halting and eager steps to win loved ones and friends. When I preached on the Christian home, there was a time of deep heart-searching, and many men and women slowly, then resolutely, stood to set out to have God's kind of home with family worship, with discipline and soul winning. When I preached on "The Scarlet Sin and the Roads That Lead to It"—movies, dancing, necking and petting, immodest dress and lewd literature, etc.—there were many holy vows made. And the record congregation on a Saturday night voted almost unanimously to endorse the sermon. Many teen-agers were there.

I say that for the moral revolution, the deep-seated, life-changing, community-righting revival which I seek to promote and help God bring about, one week is only a beginning. Were it possible to stay longer, in most cases a second week and a third would bring much more visible results than the first.

It was a joy to have a dozen ministers attend the services, people driving twenty-five and thirty miles from towns in Connecticut and New York, and one carload coming from near Syracuse to be in the services.

That New York City Snow Storm!

I had reservation on a jet plane leaving New York at 11:55 Sunday night, to arrive in Chicago at 1:15 a. m. so I could get in a full day's work Monday. But before the evening service the snow had begun. Mr. J. Ernest Fischer of New York City had come up to attend the meetings and graciously asked to drive me to Idlewild Airport. Well, despite snowy roads, with chains on the car, we arrived at Idlewild Airport at about 11:00 p. m. to find all flights cancelled in the midst of a great snow storm. I had reservations to fly the next morning at 9:05. Brother Fischer insisted on taking me to his apartment in Manhattan where I got a comfortable night's sleep. But again Monday morning the snow storm was continuing, all planes were grounded for the day. So Brother Fischer secured reservations for me on a Pennsylvania train due to leave New York City at 5:05 p. m.

All New York City schools were closed. Many buses and trains did not run. Some of the thoroughways and parkways were closed, blocked by stalled cars in the snow. Hundreds of thousands of New York-

ers could not get to work. And the Pennsylvania train which I took left New York nearly three hours late, and now as I dictate in a roomette, on the train, I expect it to be five hours late arriving in Chicago, sometime Tuesday afternoon instead of 8:45 a. m. However, the Lord's will is good. I have dictated lots of letters on the train and have done some necessary studying, had a good night's rest and breakfast, and I am grateful for my dictating machine I had with me to carry on necessary work.

The Lord Has Good Christian People Everywhere

It was a special joy to have fellowship with Mr. Fischer of New York City. How kind he was! He went out of his way to take me over to Idlewild Airport, insisted on having me as his guest overnight. The storm snowed in his car after we arrived Sunday night. But he and his good wife looked after me in Jesus' dear name, like members of my own family. They provided lovely meals. Mr. Fischer sent one of his workers to the Pennsylvania Station to buy my ticket ahead of time which would guarantee I could get on the crowded train. No taxis were available, so he brought a young German friend, Otto, to help and they carried my bags, took me on a bus, and then the subway to the Pennsylvania Station, then both of them waited with me three hours just to help put my bags on the train and bid me good-bye!

The fellowship was very sweet, and in a world where a plain, sharp Bible preacher gets some of the reproach of Christ and where the right kind of an editor gets abusive letters and slander, it is good to find those who love God's servants and make him comfortable. I felt a little ashamed that a man as strong as I am should have a useful and busy businessman carrying my bags, making my phone calls, spending hours to serve me. God has noble Christian people nearly everywhere and I am not a stranger when I meet such loving, good Christian people.

"So the Editor Is Sixty-Five Now!"

On Sunday, December 11, the closing day at Second Kent Church, New York State, I was sixty-five years old. The pastor's two little girls—Marilyn, eleven,

and Faith, seven—gave me a lovely desk pen set. And there were cards from the pastor's wife, Mrs. Morrison, and many others. At 5:00 Sunday afternoon, the good people had prepared a surprise birthday party for me. There was an enormous cake, perhaps thirty inches long, with beautiful roses and "Happy Birthday, Dr. Rice" on it. Then there were sandwiches and coffee and other good things for everybody in the church annex. I cherish the kind words and thoughtfulness more than I can tell. There were modest gifts from some, a sweet girl of eleven or twelve brought Avon lotion. A gifted and lovely high school girl sent a fine handkerchief, "With love to a dear man of God."

And one of the happiest things was that I had letters and greetings from four or five of my daughters and from my dear wife with good wishes and kind words for my birthday, even though I was far away.

I have learned that it was planned to give me a big birthday party Monday night upon my return when I should have been received by all my family and Sword of the Lord workers, and members of Calvary Baptist Church. I am sorry to miss that, but I will have their love and best wishes and my heart rejoices in their thoughtfulness and loyalty. (Later: we had the birthday party at the office, at 4:00 p. m. Tuesday, with gifts and refreshments.)

So this editor is sixty-five! I find I am still eager in the Lord's work. I am well and strong. Preaching is still a delight! I feel more like a man of forty-five or fifty than a man of sixty-five. Surely the God who so blessed and upheld Moses that at 120 "his natural force was not abated" and who preserved Caleb at eighty-five so that he felt as strong to go in and out in warfare as before, has upheld me in this blessed work of stirring revival fires, winning souls and defending the faith! My heart is grateful. Oh, that I may love such a Saviour and serve Him with more abandon and joy than ever before! And if the Saviour tarries and sees fit to give me another fifteen or twenty years of active ministry, I have many things yet to be done. I feel sorry for a man who retires at sixty-five. But I rejoice that I do not feel the frailties and the weariness which I suppose they

feel. To God be the glory for His sustaining strength and joy in a very busy life.

Want Your Gift Dated Before January 1?

If you wish to have your gift to the Sword of the Lord Foundation, for the radio, the Free Literature Fund, the Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund, etc., deducted from your 1960 income for tax purposes, rush your gift. We will try to send immediate receipt for all gifts which are mailed before January 1, with the date of the mailing. Do your best now and count your gift to this nonprofit Christian and missionary enterprise, recognized by the United States Government as tax free, so your gift may be deducted from taxable income.

We Are Going Ahead as Fast as the Lord Provides Means

When this is written, December 13, we do not have enough money at hand to reprint a number of my very useful books which are out of print. However, the good people in my last two engagements were liberal, and I can pay some on that myself, and we will go ahead with one book, and when money is in hand to pay for that we will go ahead with another book and get these needed books back in print and in circulation again. We must print a year's supply or more at a time for economy's sake, and the printer and binder cannot wait that long for his money. But some of you will help, I know, and as God provides we will put these books in print. I hope it will not take long. We have used available money for paying off some loans which were due. There is great need in the Free Literature Fund and the Ministers and Missionary Subscription Gift Fund. But I am certain God wants these books of blessing to go on their way, and as fast as the dear Lord puts it in people's hearts to help me provide for the printing, we will go ahead.

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